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LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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Parting from the Caravan for Mecca.

The hour is nigh; the waning Queen walks forth to rule the later night;
Crown'd with the sparkle of a Star, and throned on orb of ashen light:

The Wolf-tail* sweeps the paling East to leave a deeper gloom behind,
And Dawn uprears her shining head, sighing with semblance of a wind;

The highlands catch yon Orient Gleam, while purpling still the lowlands lie;
And pearly mists, the morning pride, soar incense-like to greet the sky.

The horses neigh, the camels groan, the torches gleam, the cressets flare;
The town of canvas falls, and man with din and dint invadeth air;

The Golden Gates swing right and left; up springs the Sun with flamy brow;
The dew cloud melts in gush of light; brown Earth is bathed in morning-glow.

Slowly they wind athwart the wild, and while young Day his anthem swells,
Sad falls upon my yearning ear the tinkling of the Camel-bells:

O'er fiery waste and frozen wold, o'er horrid hill and gloomy glen,
The home of grizzly beast and Ghul,† the haunts of wilder, grislier men;—

With the brief gladness of the Palms, that tower and sway o'er seething plain,
Fraught with the thoughts of rustling shade, and welling spring, and rushing rain;

With the short solace of the ridge, by gentle zephyrs played upon,
Whose breezy head and bosky side front seas of cooly celadon;—

'Tis theirs to pass with joy and hope, whose souls shall ever thrill and fill
Dreams of the Birthplace and the Tomb—visions of Allah's Holy Hill.‡

But we? Another shift of scene, another pang to rack the heart;
Why meet we on the bridge of Time to 'change one greeting and to part?

We meet to part; yet asks my sprite, Part we to meet? Ah! is it so?
Man's fancy-made Omniscience knows; who made Omniscience nought can know.

Why must we meet, why must we part, why must we bear this yoke of Must,
Without our leave or askt or given, by tyrant Fate on victim thrust?

That Eve so gay, so bright, so glad; this Morn so dim, and sad, and gray;
Strange that life's Registrar should write this day a day, that day a day!

Mine eyes, my brain, my heart are sad,—sad is the very core of me;
All wearies, changes, passes, ends; alas! the Birthday's injury!

Friends of my youth, a last adieu! haply some day we meet again;
Yet ne'er the self-same men shall meet; the years shall make us other men:

The light of morn has grown to noon, has paled with eve, and now farewell!
Go, vanish from my Life as dies the tinkling of the Camel's bell.
—*From the Kasidah of Haji Abdu El-Yezdi (Sir Richard Burton).*

* The false dawn. † The Desert Demon. ‡ Arafat, near Mecca.

THE LEGEND OF THE MOMENT.

I.

In the Academy of Fine Arts a man and woman are standing before a picture. The reputation of the artist, antiquity of theme, perfection of technique do not, perhaps, justify this attention. It would doubtless be ignored by an orthodox art lover. Simply the representation of a French ballroom scene, but it is the spirit animating it that fascinates Duncan Stuart's interest. 'Tis as it were the vivid incarnation of the joy of the moment, with its inimitable superiority to all the creeds. The bacchanalian nonchalance of a face here, the swaying grace of a figure there, seem negligently to mock the omnipresent, somber death's-head of life's serious moralist—the exhilaration of abandon subtly suggestive—Lethean indifference to all but the supreme delight of drinking the pure wine of existence—a moment sweet of mad, hilarious glee.

Elizabeth Child softly repeats the words of the Persian poet, great in their comprehensive brevity: "Do you know where you go after death? Give me some wine and go where you please."

As Duncan Stuart points out with lively appreciation a bizarre brilliancy of costume, or a face unique in its daring esprit of buoyant mirth, he remarks: "I like the French. They know how to live. Yes, the Gallic spirit has mastered the charm and grace of existence." With one of his characteristic graceful motions he turns to Miss Child and flashes upon her a fleeting gleam from the gray intensity of eyes in whose depths seem to be concentrated centuries of chivalrous devotion. Visions of courtly salons rise before her mind's eye, and again, as often before, Elizabeth silently queries what it is that differentiates Duncan Stuart. For this man, while apparently living the unillumined epicurean life of the typical nineteenth century young man, is distinctly isolated from the commonplace.

"Yes," says Miss Child, "I fancy that the secret of life is to give one's self absolutely to the moment. There is perhaps no sager advice than that of the old pagan dictum, 'Carpe diem.'"

"Well, as for myself, that is my sole and only creed—one, too, which I find no difficulty in carrying out," smiles Duncan.

But Miss Child, not to be turned aside from her theme by this smiling personality, continues: "Modern thought is begin-

ning to realize that there is such a thing as life. But what a force of crystallized medievalism it has to contend against!"

Mr. Stuart always listened to Miss Child's simplest utterances with a flattering attention. His manner, more potent than any words, conveyed a silent, though admiring, appreciation. He realized that she belonged to a different type from that of most American women whom he had happened to meet. He smiled now at the recollection of the pre-established readiness with which he had taken this woman, who not only had the temerity to defy "good form" in entertaining ideas, but also in declaring them. But his consummate delicacy was content not to penetrate the reserve which Miss Child persistently maintained regarding the personal details of her existence.

Elizabeth is wandering about the room, pausing now and then before a picture. Suddenly, with feminine irrelevancy and disregard of logical sequence, with an accession of earnestness she exclaims: "But one may live on, apparently placid, eat, drink, et cetera, and yet be wretched!"

Mr. Stuart looks at her with an intentness which to the casual judgment would seem totally beyond the just deserts of this doleful platitude. O'er his face a shadow seems to settle. All his debonair lightness of manner vanishes. "How do you know that—a girl like you!"

But Miss Child, as though hesitating to impose longer upon herself the burden of portentous seriousness that she has evoked, withdraws once again into the shell of impartial abstraction, responding indifferently: "Oh, simply by observation."

But though this personal feeling is so cleverly disposed of, neither Elizabeth Child nor Duncan Stuart can forget this emotional episode, one of those rare momentary revelations of the undercurrents of being.

"Oh, Mr. Stuart, do look at this!" says Elizabeth with a little shriek of laughter. "Do gaze upon this Abel in resplendent blue doublet. And behold the towering battlements. Would not the most obdurate critic bow before the audacity of the artist rising so superior to sacred tradition?"

"An Abel with all the modern improvements."

"Evidently the artistic atmosphere is inspiring you—but shall we go?"

"As you say."

II.

Chance, whose blundering inconsistencies religious leniency has reconciled in the convenient assumption "Providence," occasionally surprises one with an unexpected turn of good fortune. Little did Elizabeth Child expect to find within the conventional limits of a Philadelphia boarding-house anything especially interesting in the way of personality. Her first cursory glance at the well-garbed assemblage about the table, the common meeting ground of the guests (as the landlady persistently dubbed the denizens of her mansion), had disposed Miss Child to murmur, "Respectable Philistinism." Eventually she classified the young men in that large genus whose conception of existence is epitomized in the club, pretty girls, the theater, and the amassing of sufficient means to enjoy these expensive luxuries. The women were simply a serial continuation of the feminine. As regards familiarity with ideas or interest in these necessities to the endowed mind, these people might just as well have been dwelling within the wilds of Africa as existing within the staid substantial brick of a Philadelphia residence. Elizabeth congratulated herself upon the non-committal impassiveness of countenance which she maintained at the look of innocent inquiry with which Mr. Rushton, her opposite neighbor at table, met a casual reference of hers to Howells. He was rich in cheap witticisms and had all the theatrical jargon at the finger ends of his well-kept hands with their immaculate nails, to which, in spite of his Philadelphia unreceptivity for authorship, she found herself giving involuntary admiration.

What a travesty upon real life is the stagnation of a crude externalism, with its manufactured interests, flimsy gayety, meaningless because artificial! But the standpoint of a life with its foundation in the realities of nature, and one resting upon conventionality, are so different that what seems meager, barren—nay, vulgar—to the one, wears the aspect of success, even of brilliancy, to the other. For the one the words of Emerson have a living meaning: "Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our minds. Absolve you to yourself and you shall have the suffrage of the world." To the other the conception of such force of individuality is inconceivable. To Elizabeth Child it seemed a ludicrous freak of fate that had cast Duncan Stuart amid the general imperviousness to what is genuine and fine in human character. She remembered her first impression of him. In fact, once seen and felt, that charm of manner, that buoyant grace of motion, would ever linger in the memory like some haunting strain of music, giving one ecstatic glimpse of all that is sweet in human nature. And with her subtle sense of personality she gradually came to recognize that this outer refinement and graciousness of bearing emanated from the genuineness of the inner nature. What a delight to listen to the soft refined utterances of Duncan Stuart's voice, so different from the harsh accents of affected utterance that too often greet one's ears—the one resulting from indifference to what is considered too trifling a matter to merit attention, the other a lifeless imitation. In fact, the materialized conception of life offers little scope for appreciation of the elements entering into a potent individuality, revealing itself in many subtle graces unknown to that coarse sense which must tangibly exploit itself in splendid apparel and palatial mansions.

One evening as Elizabeth Child and Duncan Stuart were entering the parlor—a room, or rather show place, whose exquisite modernity seemed to bear the legend, "You may look, but you mustn't touch"—Miss Child, with that mocking lightness of tone that often characterized her utterances, laughingly said: "Well, Mr. Stuart, the atmosphere of a boarding-house is not particularly enlivening, is it?"

"I might extend the dimensions of your remark so as to include the whole of Philadelphia. A trifle wearisome, to say the least."

"Yes, its ancestry-dust-laden atmosphere makes one long for a fresh breath of air occasionally."

"For the joy of the moment?" smilingly interpolated Mr. Stuart.

"Ah! I should hardly dream of that where the manes of all the proprieties seemed ever to linger."

Elizabeth had drifted gradually to the piano and was idly touching the keys.

"Do you play, Miss Child?"

"No, not for critical ears."

"If that is launched at me I shall have to deny its application. I'm not critical, only very fond of music." As he stood before her at this moment in an attitude of indescribable grace she noticed for the first time a certain hardness about the lines of the mouth and in the eyes, in spite of their glowing intensity—which had caused Elizabeth's friend Miss Mason to remark to Mr. Stuart: "Ah, you haven't those eyes for nothing!"—something of reckless indifference. Mrs. Wiseman's tale recurred to her, which had recounted how Mr. Stuart some five or six years ago had married and, in the popular vernacular, run away from his home in Scotland. After less than a year's sojourn in America, his wife had died and he had been driven to despair, and had been saved from suicide, as Mrs. Wiseman affirmed, by Mr. Hill, who had made her conversant with this bare outline. Not a strikingly original history, and one which Miss Child's cultured taste would have ordinarily rejected as worthy only of the sentimentalism of the idyllic romance, now so obsolete. But taken in connection with the man and his unique personality, this trite, unornamented schedule was transformed into a tragedy. She felt her faithless nineteenth century soul rising to the heights of the conception of the "grand passion." But she gave no outward indication of what was going on in her mind. One of those subtle moods of sympathy, as potent and inexplicable as an electrical current, was for the time being uniting these two individuals.

To the casual observer Duncan Stuart doubtless appeared carelessly gay and happy, a man of the world. He was not in

the habit of talking of himself, or of exploiting his sentiments or posing as a melancholy knight. But one at all conversant with the laws controlling human nature would have found in his impervious indifference something infinitely sadder, more hopeless than any whining lamentation.

Making an effort to speak simply and as she really felt, Elizabeth said in a spirit of true sympathy: "I think I understand, Mr. Stuart. When one tumultuous storm has swept o'er the soul, it is not easy to evolve from the depths thus penetrated a second enthusiasm. Ah! I know it all—'the long heartache,' as Rossetti puts it; the frenzied despair which finally in very weariness of spirit settles into that barren inanity that absorbs the very life-blood of effort. The uncompromising moralist, from his a priori pinnacle of 'oughts,' terms it weakness of will. The cold soul of the intellectual egotist maintains here as elsewhere its perfect equilibrium of incredulity."

Mr. Stuart evinced no surprise at this spontaneous outburst from Miss Child. Perhaps he had already divined that hers had been no placidly unemotional existence. He did not belong to that obtusely absolute species which requires all the statistics of time and place in order to understand that another has passed through a soul-stirring experience. With an exquisite delicacy and fine consideration he took Elizabeth's hand. "It is about all we have left—sympathy—isn't it?"

"Mr. Stuart, would you not really prefer to suffer through your ideals than to be satisfied with the orthodox values of life?"

"No, by no means no! If the ideals are not to be realized and are only provocative of pain I think the veriest clod-hopper is to be envied."

"But why are they not to be realized?"

"Ah! not being omniscient, I cannot tell that."

Here was just the difference in the effect of their respective experiences upon these two persons. Elizabeth Child made herself doubly unhappy by a futile rebellion against the incompetence of her nature to reach unaided her highest conception of character. Duncan Stuart, inflexibly indifferent as to the ethics of his failure, did not permit himself, save when some unusual stress of circumstances hurled it upon him, to think about his past ideals, but systematically gave himself up to getting through the days as pleasantly as possible. He indulged rarely in any drama of the emotions.

Elizabeth, though intellectually a pure modern, was through her emotional nature allied with the past, and, however she might resent the gratuitous burden, was forced to admit that the feminine inheritance—the imperative need of a close personal sympathy—was hers. She found herself alternately inspired and depressed by her longing for that fine, sweet personality which meant so much to her. In her best moments she admitted that her absorbing love for Ralph Mandon had been of inestimable value in regulating her whole conception of life. But, ah! those days of dreary depression, when a dull lethargy seemed to lull every higher sense, were difficult to endure. Then aggressive hours of positive, desolating pain asserted themselves, mingled with spasmodic efforts to act—to rise superior to this morbid inaction and to make something of life other than a passive, unfruitful revery. But Elizabeth had not sufficient force to animate daily existence; it seemed petty, sordid, mean; and all too easily she succumbed to its disillusioning power. And she was beginning sadly to realize that she simply had an artistic apprehension of the fine and heroic in the human character, but no moral stamina to live in accordance with her convictions. When she thought of the calm self-poise which Ralph Mandon opposed to the irritating trivialities of life, never overcome by the hard and painful externalities which his devotion to his convictions entailed, it kept her from sinking into faithless negation. Yes, Ralph Mandon had character—character in the Emersonian sense—and was impervious to the materializing and vulgarizing influences of the day.

Miss Child continued: "Possibly susceptibility to intense joy presupposes a like susceptibility to pain. But I must confess pain, whether physical or mental—whatever this duality of terms may mean—is repulsive to me. It indicates disease."

"But how useless to struggle! The only sane course is gracefully to submit to the inevitable—for submit you will have to."

"Well, notwithstanding the discomfiture of the operation; I vehemently rebel."

"Why do you not devote yourself to the moment, about which you are so enthusiastic?"

"Well, I suppose my inability to practically do so results from the lingering traces yet somewhere in my organism of the ideal set up by philosophy and theology. In the face of the futile universals of the one and the dreary phantasmagoria of the other, with Faust I say, 'All joys that I can feel from this earth flow.'"

"But I should not think that you would let yourself be dominated by opinions in which you have no faith."

"It is a strange anomaly, but it requires, you know, a supremely strong individuality to carry out its convictions, especially if they conflict with accepted sentiment. I think, too, that women—I suppose as a natural result of their traditional martyr spirit—remain the victims of conventionalities."

Mr. Stuart looked at Miss Child and with a sort of persuasive naivette inquired, "What do you want to make you happy?"

Elizabeth, amused, said: "Did you suppose that the youthful delusion of happiness was mine? I should be content simply to lose the capacity for suffering. If it were not for this persistent woman's nature, one might cease to look upon it all as a tragedy."

"Sometimes to me," said Mr. Stuart with an expressive shrug, "it seems like a tragedy; then, again, like a huge joke."

"The tragedy is between the might-be and the what-is. At least—and perhaps it is a rose-colored delusion—we think we see how beautiful human life might be, and so we are unwilling to submit to the wretched thing that it is."

"Your pessimism, Miss Child, is of a less deep dye than mine. I don't even see or dimly discern the beautiful might-be. Not any more. I don't trouble myself about it."

"Oh, well, you are a man. You have freedom. I envy you."

"Strange that you should envy me," and he smiled incredulously. "But, Miss Child, with your ideas I cannot understand what prevents you from the enjoyment of freedom."

"Weakness, I dare say."

"Well, as for myself, if I find that I am getting into a desperate state, I know how to get away from it."

"Tell me," exclaimed Elizabeth earnestly, "definitely, how you accomplish this, as it seems to me, most difficult feat."

"Oh, I seek out people who can amuse me, et cetera."

"May I inquire when you consider yourself amused?"

O'er Duncan's face came an expression of abandon and his adventuresome spirit spoke in the words coming forth forcibly: "When I can forget myself!"

"Ah, then you can forget yourself?" murmured Elizabeth. "But that line of action is forbidden to women, you know."

"Yes, I know, but individually you do not subscribe to that idea."

"No, most decidedly not. I believe in following the dictates of a robust nature, Tolstoi and his ascetic aberration to the contrary. And I fancy that the conclusion to be drawn from the powerful picture he has given of the married state, in which the worst passions of two individuals hopelessly chained together seemed to be generated, is not the greater restraint and monastic distortion that he has suggested, but a larger freedom founded on scientific knowledge of nature's laws."

"I'm inclined to think so. Where there is love there is no sin, I'm forced to believe."

Human life, fleeting bird of passage that it is, has seen fit to laden its flight with the incubus of an ideal of permanency, so unfitted to the changing character of human nature. And so the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118.]

Lucifer, the Lightbearer

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Lucifer—Its Meaning and Purpose.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

LUCIFEROUS—Giving Light; affording light or the means of discovery.—*Same.*

LUCIFIC—Producing Light.—*Same.*

LUCIFORM—Having the form of Light.—*Same.*

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

A Conflict of Opinions—Ingersoll on Marriage.

The April number of the Freethought Magazine, published in this city, contains the following editorial reference to Lucifer and its editor:

"We learn from the Truth Seeker that Editor Harman, of Lucifer, has been falsely representing the views that Colonel Ingersoll held relating to laboring people. This reminds us of the adage of an ass kicking a dead lion. But then we supppose Harman could never forget that Colonel Ingersoll said:

"'I regard marriage as the holiest institution among men. Without the fireside there is no human advancement; without the family relations there is no life worth living. Every good government is made up of good families. The unit of government is the family, and anything that tends to destroy the family is perfectly devilish and infamous. I believe in marriage, and I hold in utter contempt the opinions of men and women who denounce the institution of marriage.'—Ingersoll's lecture, *Liberty for Man, Woman and Child.*

"Ingersoll never uttered a grander sentiment than this. It should be a part of every Freethinker's creed."

If Neighbor Green had taken the pains to read recent numbers of Lucifer containg the references to the life and work of Robert G. Ingersoll he would have been better prepared to judge fairly whether I had falsely represented the views of the great agnostic orator. To accuse one of falsely representing the views of the LIVING is a serious charge to make, and still more serious if the author of the views criticized be no longer alive to defend himself against misrepresentation, and therefore, before echoing the charge made by the editor of the Truth Seeker, the editor of the Freethought Magazine, it seems to me, should have taken the pains to read for himself the WHOLE of what I said in the article criticized, and the fact that he gets his information by way of New York instead of direct from the man accused—distant a couple of miles only from his own office—naturally gives rise to the query, WHY this circumlocution instead of the direct method of information?

Perhaps Neighbor Green will tell his readers why he does not read Lucifer when he assumes to sit in judgment upon and to publicly condemn its editor.

Both Green and Macdonald have lived to little purpose if they have not yet learned that vituperation is the poorest and weakest of all arguments, and that the use of epithets such as ass and liar simply show the moral plane on which the user lives. Later investigations prove to me more fully the truth of the statements I made in regard to Robert Ingersoll. Mr. Quinn has promised to answer soon the ungentlemanly assault of Eugene Macdonald.

We all know that a half truth is often equivalent to a whole falsehood. In this case the few lines copied from Lucifer have been used by Macdonald and Green to put me in the attitude of an assailant of Ingersoll, an enemy and vilifier of the world-renowned champion of Freethought.

Those who have read what I have said of this world-renowned champion know that I said vastly more in his favor than I did against him. I am no hero-worshipper. Ingersoll had his limitations, as all men have them. To accept as true everything said by Ingersoll simply because Ingersoll said it is MAN-WORSHIP not less slavish, not less dishonoring to manhood and womanhood, than is the adoration paid to the man Jesus, the man Mohammed, the man known as Leo the Thirteenth, or Joseph Smith, or even John Alexander Dowie—called by himself and his followers "Elijah the Second."

As I see it, the best use we can make of our great geniuses—living or so-called "dead"—is not to follow blindly in their footsteps, but to use our own powers of discrimination, adopting what seems true and right, rejecting what appears false and wrong. After reading my reply to the Truth Seeker a well-known and very clear-headed Freethinker of New York City said:

"Your estimate of Ingersoll's character is intelligent and just—both debit and credit and strike a balance; measure the whole, as they do in book-keeping."

In this same number of his magazine, my zealous critic quotes Ingersoll as saying, "We ought to have another life to correct the mistakes we have made in this," and while I have not the slightest feeling of ill-will towards the author of the quoted eulogy on "marriage" I very honestly think his championship of institutional marriage a very serious mistake, the most serious in fact of all the "Mistakes of Ingersoll."

But mistakes are not necessarily falsehoods nor evidence of hyprocrisy, and therefore I do not agree with Edward Stern, who in last week's Lucifer charges Robert Ingersoll with hypocrisy in championing gold and silver as the true and only basis of currency. Once I made the same mistake. When a follower of so-called "Republican" policies and morals I advocated a "specie basis" for legal tender money, also the Protective Tariff ideas of Horace Greeley and other apostles of that political gospel.

Both the financial and tariff doctrines advocated by myself I now regard as mistakes, delusions, superstitions of an ignorant past, just as I regard institutional marriage—which I once defended—as a mistake, a delusion, a superstition originating in an ignorant and barbarous age; and so, when looking for causes, it is to me nothing strange or wonderful that a head that could reason so clearly, so logically on theological superstitions as did Robert Ingersoll, should give utterance to a paragraph so full of bigotry, intolerance and absurdity as is the one quoted by the editor of the Freethought Magazine. Hence, as said before, I have not the slightest feeling of resentment or ill-will towards the author of that paragraph—as inferred or charged by Neighbor Green.

And now, not to make this article too long, let us briefly as possible analyze this quoted paragraph.

In the first sentence Brother Ingersoll tells what kind of marriage he is speaking of, namely, institutional marriage—the kind that has been established, ordained, enacted by law, or by immemorial custom, not the mutual agreement kind, such as the Roman "Usus" under which "woman possessed the right of repudiation." See "Woman, Church and State," by Matilda Joslyn Gage, Chapter VI., entitled "Wives." Comparing the Roman and Grecian marriage customs with those instituted by Christianity, Mrs. Gage tells us, quoting Gibbon, Maine and Reeves as authorities:

"The practical effect of the common Roman form of marriage being the absolute legal independence of the wife, under which a large proportion of Roman property fell into the hands of women, the wife retaining her family name and family inheritance. All this was changed as soon as Christianity obtained the rule. Under Christian forms of marriage the wife was taken from her own family and transferred into that of her husband, the same as a piece of property. She assumed his name, the same as the slave took that of the new master to whom he was transferred. That this idea of the wife as a slave did not belong alone to the earlier Christian period, but is a part of Christian doctrine of today, is clearly shown by the continued custom of a woman's dropping her family name and assuming that of her husband. . . . .

"While under the influence of 'Usus' Roman jurists of the middle period had declared the ownership of property by married women to be a principle of equity this drew forth opposing legislation from the Christians, and under Christian law the husband again became master of his wife's person and property, her children also falling under his entire control, the mother possessing no authority over them. From that period down to the twentieth century of Christianity, under all changing civil laws, woman has ever felt the oppression of ecclesiasticism in this relation."

* * *

From Maine's "Ancient Law" Mrs. Gage quotes:

"No society which preserves any tincture of Christian institutions is likely to restore to married women the personal liberty conferred on them by middle Roman laws."

If our readers care to follow up the matter further I would advise the reading of the entire book, "Woman, Church and State," and especially the chapter on "Wives."

In Chambers' Encyclopedia I find this, under the head "Husbands and Wives":

"The husband is in law the head of the house; he has a right to choose the family domicile and to require his wife to cohabit with him there. . . . . If his wife leaves him without just cause he is not bound to support her and may compel her to return by bringing an action for the restitution of conjugal rights."

This, then, is the institution championed by Brother Robert G. Ingersoll as the "holiest institution among men."

"Without the family relations there is no life worth living." From its position in the quoted paragraph the logical inference of this is that there can be no family relations OUTSIDE the marriage institution. The absurdity of such reasoning needs not to be enlarged upon.

"The unit of good government is the family, and anything that tends to destroy the family is perfectly devilish and infamous"—the logical inference being that to destroy institutional marriage is to destroy the family and good government, whereas our contention is that the main cause of bad families and of bad governments (that is, the main cause of government of man by man, which is ALL bad) is this same institutional marriage.

If Brother Robert held in "utter contempt the opinions of men and women who denounce the institution of marriage," then he must have included in his contempt such men as Tolstoi, Ibsen, Percy B. Shelley, Wm. Godwin, Grant Allen, John Stuart Mill, and such women as Mary Wollstonecraft, Matilda Joslyn Gage and many more among the departed, and among the still living Dr. Juliette H. Severance, who, as Neighbor Green doubtless remembers, was elected president of the National Liberal League when Robert Ingersoll was turned down by that organization—in 1881 I think it was—and this, too, when it was generally known that she was then—as now—perhaps the most uncompromising of all the opponents of institutional marriage in the Freethought ranks, as shown by her "Social Question," "Marriage" and other published works.

Several other prominent writers and lecturers should be mentioned in this connection, such as Lois Waisbrooker, editor of Foundation Principles, now published at Home, Wash., and author of several books in opposition to the marriage institution as we now have it, but space will not allow further enumeration, and so I close the list for the present by naming just one more writer and speaker that must not be forgotten as coming under the ban of Brother Ingersoll's contempt, and that writer and speaker is none other than the renowned and valiant champion of conventional morality, Robert G. Ingersoll himself!

Time for closing the forms having arrived, I must defer the task of writing up "Ingersoll against himself," and will bring this article on "Conflict of Opinions" to a close by saying that it is not because I have any liking for controversy as such that I reply to Neighbor Green, to Eugene Macdonald, or to the departed R. G. Ingersoll, but simply because I believe that this kind of controversy is necessary often in order to bring clearly before our readers what it is that we are HERE FOR. That is, to show wherein Lucifer's work differs from that of other journals claiming to be par excellence the exponents of what Freedom means when applied to Thought, to Speech and to Action.

Next issue of Lucifer will be the Wollstonecraft memorial number. Consequently the continuation of my reply to the charge of misrepresenting Ingersoll must be deferred until the second week in May. M. H.

Authority.

Nature in her workings shows no good or bad; and our views of these are the reflections of the beneficent or evil effect of phenomena on our life. Man has benefited in proportion as he has been able to learn from nature. Nature is now what she has been since man inhabited the earth: a fecund area from which man and other animals consume in order to subsist; and the fecundity of the earth is aided by the artificial appliances of man.

C. F. H. says: "Nature is the original tyrant, planting in the human mind hate, envy, cunning, love of power." If he means (and I am inclined to think he so means after his remark about the death of adults and the society created by the youth remaining) that man is born with preconceived ideas, and the good and evil are innate within him, then he errs. If the youthful element remaining, having the abilities of their adult parents to supply their needs, were bereft of ideas permeating society today I think that conditions would certainly be changed for the better. It is not freedom which will cure all our ills; it is the removal of the causes—slavery and all it engenders—which can prevent the same ills in the future.

C. F. H. thinks I fear the authority of the train dispatcher or any necessary factor in conducting certain lines of work. I certainly differentiate between the authority backed by force—government—and the authority of a shoemaker, a physician or a train dispatcher, a Spencer, a Reclus. The former always imposes upon us and lashes us into submission and acceptation; while the latter are regarded or accepted with or without their knowledge or consent. It is the force-propped Authority which Anarchists object to, and not authorities on shoemaking or anthropology. Freedom, voluntaryism and common sense are Anarchists' essentials in all things concerning life.

San Francisco, Cal. S. MINTZ.

"Monogamy and Heredity."

I have just finished reading R. B. Kerr on above subject in Lucifer of April 9, No. 964, and

"I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

As usual I have not the time. The best I can do is to refer Mr. Kerr to Lucifer of March 28, No. 962. "It Cannot Be Done," that most excellent, logical and well-written article of Adeline Champney's in answer to Morrison I. Swift, is also an answer to some of the questions raised by Mr. Kerr.

I cannot forbear saying this much, however: That for a woman to become the mother of a child begotten by a "selected" father, while the heart and thoughts were with another as a "lover," seems to me the vilest sort of adultery, or adulteration, if that term suits better; and I believe that no perfect, wholesome child could result from such a mixture.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

A Question.

The facts of primitive marriage collected by biologists and anthropologists seem to Carrie A. (No. 964) to throw no light on its origin. She considers intuition a superior guide. Will she tell us by means of intuition how the institution of marriage arose, and what primitive feelings required and originated the marriage bond? DORA FORSTER.

The Chicago Society of Anthropology

Meets Sundays at 3:30 P. M., Hall 913, Masonic Temple. Free lectures. On April 26 Dr. Chas. F. Lewis will lecture on "Reproduction."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115.]

beautiful moment is let go. Better by far the Mephistophelian wisdom, "While living, why not live?" That vision of splendid color in the western heavens attains its ideal of beauty because it rests in the complete fulfillment of the moment. Upon its repose rests no disturbing shadow of what has been or is to be. With what silent equanimity it fades into the nether depths of everlasting oblivion! Shall the specters of past joys forever haunt the living present? Shall I in one woman's eyes only behold the transforming light divine? "I shall never love another woman," had said Duncan Stuart. But what of those moments o'er which the "opiate wand" of forgetfulness had been cast? What matters it whether love's sweet benediction is breathed for one brief moment or years on years? For certainly a man with Duncan Stuart's fine sense was not likely to forget himself in what was gross, devoid of the animating spirit. But convention has condemned to sensuality anything short of an eternal fidelity, in spite of the groans with which Nature asserts itself.

"Well, Mr. Stuart, despite the interest of this engrossing subject, I must say goodnight. I would not disturb the inquisitive nerves of the inmates of the manse."

With that artistic perfection that accompanied his slightest act Mr. Stuart simply bowed, uttering a fervent "Goodnight, Miss Child." . . . .

Coldly dissected, the secret of the charm of the relation existing between Miss Child and Mr. Stuart was in the very indefiniteness of knowledge, leaving so much to the imagination. They did not meet frequently, and so familiarity had not dissipated what might be termed simply an impression of individuality.

Elizabeth was conscious that she was reveling in an esthetic sensation, and she did not wish to dispel it—at least for the time being. Of course, her analytic spirit could not but realize that she was indulging in a little histrionics of the emotions. And perhaps the masculine element in Duncan Stuart was a trifle flattered by the sympathetic insight of a woman for whose intellectuality he had an exaggerated appreciation.

III.

"What do you say to a row on the river, Miss Child?" said Duncan Stuart, as they were wandering through the park one fair summer evening.

"Oh, of all things, I should like it!"

And so, the inevitable preliminaries being disposed of, they soon found themselves upon the water. Duncan was pulling with all the athletic delight of a lover of the oar.

"I feel delightfully selfish sitting tranquilly here watching your efforts."

Duncan laughed. "I assure you I'm quite in my element. There is nothing I like better than rowing. You know I lived by the sea, and have rowed since I knew anything."

This reference to his former life made her think of the difference between it and his present existence.

"I can't conceive how you can linger away from your native heath. The life here must indeed be prosaic by comparison."

With all the impartiality of a sociological student Miss Child calmly delivered herself of this remark.

"It isn't particularly interesting here from the point of view of living. I hate the eternal grind of business in which the American seems to be completely immersed."

Elizabeth made no reply for a moment. Presently she laughingly remarked: "The stern accents of patriotic duty compel me to give you the benefit of a rebuke—one, in fact, which I myself received from a female of a certain Ohio village. She was discussing Europe with that faraway remoteness which it suggests to a villager's mind. After the declaration that there was no country in the world like America, with a lingering, affectionate stress on the final flat a, I received the startling information that all the big families throughout Europe were corrupt."

Duncan laughed. "Well, I always did admire the integrity of American candor. Exulting in the possession of the more sturdy virtues, it affects no admiration for the effete charms of the old world."

"But, indeed, you must know, Mr. Stuart, that such proprietary patriotism is now confined to the rural districts. I can testify," and Miss Child laughed somewhat sarcastically, "to the cosmopolitanism of culture in the remark made to me by Professor Houghton. Said this erudite Ph.D., 'Can you tell me, Miss Child, where there is a place in America congenial for a cultured American to spend the summer?'—But what a veritable driasdust I am, to be moralizing on such a night! Ah! isn't it perfect?"

"Yes, lovely. Give yourself up to it. Do not even think."

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, because I fancy that it is somewhat difficult for you to forget everything."

"Well, to prove to you the contrary, I'm simply going to revel now in the beauty about me."

"I approve of the noble resolution and am prepared to follow suit."

"We seem to be completely cut off from the town, with its stupid bricks and mortar and stultifying associations. A pleasant sensation, to be sure. By the way, Mr. Stuart, when do you think you will be able to realize your rural dream of retiring to your ranch?"

"Oh, some day. I wish I could go now."

"Perhaps, after all, you would find it a bore."

"Ah, no, indeed. It is the one thing I look forward to—where with my horses and dogs I shall lead a free existence."

"Well, you will at any rate get away from conventionality."

"We are at any rate free from it at this moment. By the way, have you ever seen the island a short distance below here? We often stop there to cool off and rest when rowing in the daytime."

"I was not aware of its existence."

"It is one of my favorite resorts, charming in the moonlight. Let's make it a visit now." . . . .

Forgotten now the stubborn, unillumined prosaic of that world which, by a strange misapprehension, is termed the actual. The boat, as though inspired by some prophetic voice of its mission, moves lightly o'er the waters. The heavy foliage on either side of the river looms up like huge masses of impenetrable mystery. The silence resting o'er all seems to hold in its depths a sweet, alluring promise. How subtly the impassioned soul of the night breathes its seductive charm! All the air is vibrating with a potent sensuousness. Solitary rests the island in the glamor of the night.

As Duncan Stuart and Elizabeth Child leave the boat they are conscious of the luminous light of feeling underlying the commonplaces which they mechanically utter. The night, too, in its deep intensity seems conscious of the infinity of human yearning, the sad inheritance perchance of centuries of grim asceticism. Yon moon, rioting in yellow splendor o'er the enamoured waters, breathes too its suggestion to revel in the glow of the moment.

Duncan Stuart with one spontaneous, abandoned gesture takes Elizabeth Child in his arms as he murmurs: "Ah, Elizabeth, how sweet you are!" She feels flesh and blood give one wild, tumultuous throb for deliverance from the unnatural restrictions built up by an artificial system which is supremely indifferent to the realities of life.

"Have you given yourself to me completely?" again murmurs Duncan.

Ah, specters of venerated traditions! who shall record the answer falling on the night? . . . . "All things sink to perfect rest."

Duncan Stuart had said, "I shall never love another woman." Elizabeth Child had sighed to herself, "One man alone has absorbed my whole being." Were the white wings of either ideal tarnished by that intoxicating, perfect moment on the moon-dipped waters?

SOPHRONIA DARE.

The Angels of the Scriptures.

Each Easter the Christian journals publish engravings purporting to portray events at Christ's sepulcher on the resurrection morning. Winged women, with shapely white limbs and bared breasts, personate the angels; and in one publication Mary is made to display two beautiful arms and one "sweet foot" as she kneels before the modestly arrayed Jesus. Do the clergymen who edit these papers not know that these artistic pictures contradict the Scriptures? For nowhere in the Bible are angels represented as women, but in every instance in the guise of men, and the angels at the sepulcher had no wings. "His countenance was like lightning and his raiment white as snow" (Matthew xxviii, 3-4). "And entering into the sepulcher, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment" (Mark xvi, 5). "And they [the women] entered in [the sepulcher] and found not the body of Jesus. And . . . as they were much perplexed thereat, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments" (Luke xxiv, 3-4).

HANS ROSSNER.

The Chicago Philosophical Scciety

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—

J. V. Carter, I. T.:—I still love Lucifer. I hope Lucy Redheffer will change. Hers is truly the old idea. I think yours is a great work for humanity, but, like all reformers, you have your enemies. My best wishes for your success.

—

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